

W. J. L.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK,
Song.
The Poetry by
F. G. Shorley, Esq.
THE MUSIC

EDWARD J. LODER.

Author of the Opera of Nourjahad &c.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2s

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25

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

The Words by H. F. Chorley.

The Music by E. I. Loder.

WITH BOLDNESS
AND ANIMATION.

A song for the Oak the brave old Oak, Who hath
ruld in the green-wood long, Here's health and re_nown to his
broad green crown, And his fif_ty arms so strong! There's

3

fear in his frown, When the Sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades
 out, And he sheweth his might, On a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches
 shout. Then sing to the Oak the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a -
 lone And still flourish he, A - hale green tree; When a hundred years are
 gone.

ad lib.

ritard

a tempo.

Cres.

f

mf

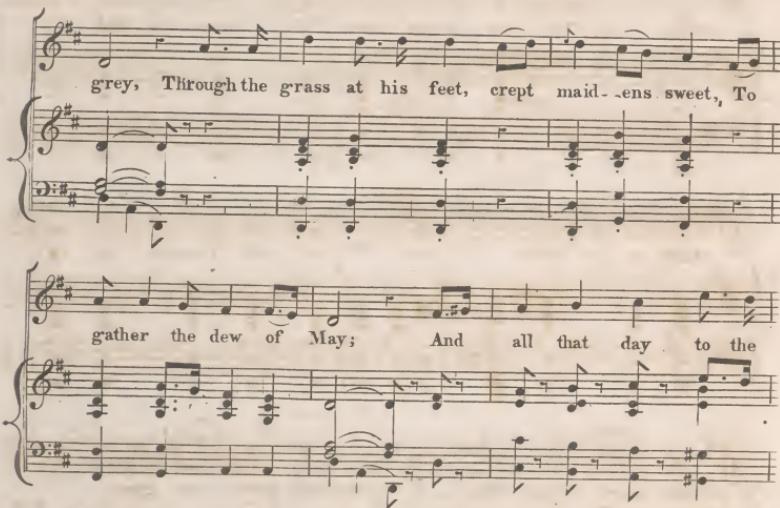
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4

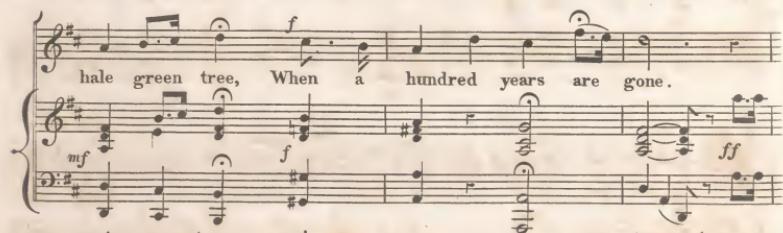
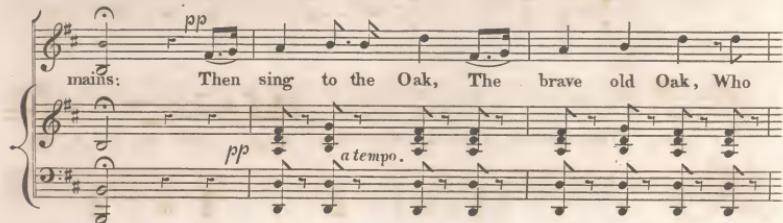
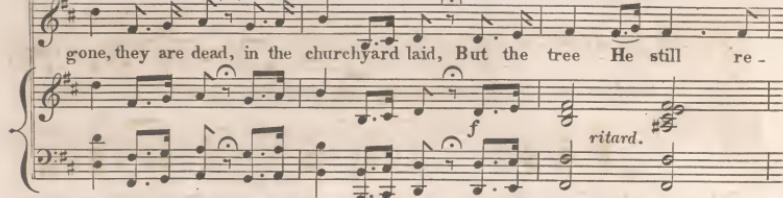
In the days of old, When the spring with gold, Was light-ing his branches

*Più lento.*

re beck gay, They frolicked with love-some swains, They are

ad lib:

5



He saw the rare times, when the christmas chimes, were a merry sound to

hear, And the Squires wide hall, and the Cot - tage small, were

full of good English cheer; Now Gold hath the sway we

all o - obey, And a ruth less king is he; But he

ad lib.

7

never shall send, our ancient friend To be tossed on the stormy

ritard.

sea Then here's to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who

pp a tempo.

stands in his pride a lone, And still flourish he, A

hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

